THE New Republic

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and an essay by Frank MacShane

The Novels of Ford Madox Ford

APR 1 1955

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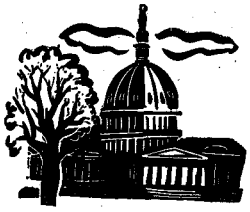

Washington Wire .... *T.R.B.*

Last week suddenly, in off-the-record press talks, major military and diplomatic figures stressed the imminent danger of war in Formosa. These inspired stories came from at least three sources. They agreed that Chinese Reds have built up forces to attack Quemoy and Matsu and that the question now is if they attack (a) whether we will go to war or back down; and (b) whether we will fight a limited war (described as a "bloody nose" type) or go all out to crush China's transportation industry and military might.

Just one year ago in April Vice President Nixon told the editors' convention here that we might send troops to save Indo-China. For a while it seemed that we would. Then the United States backed away. It will be much harder to back away from the Quemoy and Matsu islands.

Secretary Dulles has created a situation where America's honor and prestige are staked on defending two miserable coastal islands, closer to the mainland than Sandy Hook is to Manhattan, without allies, without the moral support of the United Nations, and with the actual disapproval of most of the Western World. It is agreed the islands are not vital to US security. America has lost the initiative; we have got into this *cul-de-sac* with the choice of peace or war not in our hands but the enemy's—unless we make a humiliating retreat. A year or so ago we could have abandoned Quemoy and Matsu without causing a ripple; today Chiang Kai-shek has committed a fifth of his army to them, and if we don't back him up, we become a "paper-tiger" and laughing stock to Asia.

The bloodthirsty group pushing Ike toward war now includes such men as Admirals Radford and Carney of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson, and the Knowlands and Bridgeses of the Senate. The Administration has been drifting. It was drifting on the question of Big Four talks until Senator George abruptly intervened and changed the whole world picture. Now as to Formosa the Administration is drifting in the direction of war and has reconciled itself to the inevitability of atomic weapons if war comes.

As the deadline for Quemoy and Matsu approaches, the Bandoeng Conference meets April 18 in Indonesia. There will be representatives there of a billion and a half people, three-fifths of the world's population, from Asia, Africa and the Middle East. They will be an articulate "gallery" to whatever we do. Their suspicions are deep. Red China will be there, but the USA wasn't invited.

"This reporter doubts," wrote Chalmers Roberts in the *Washington Post* last week, "if there is a newspaperman in Washington who covers the State Department who does not assume that the Secretary gave approval to the leak of the Yalta papers by his aide or aides to the *New York Times*. . . . Dulles is as political a Secretary of State as this country has had in generations. . . ." Most reporters assume the leak was managed through Dulles' Assistant Secretary Carl McCardle. They grasp the point at once of the sign tacked to the door of broadcaster Joseph C. Harsch by some facetious friend. Harsch had put up his own protective sign, "Please don't disturb; on a deadline!" Under it was pasted last week: "Dear Joe: Sorry, I was going to leave the Yalta papers," with the suggestive signature, "Carl."

Bernard Baruch came from the White House reporting that the President had good-naturedly told him he had never heard about the squirrel deportation order until it had happened; it was all done without his knowledge. Edward Morgan of ABC asked the President at his press conference, March 23, if he approved the Post Office order seizing copies of *Izvestia* and *Pravda*. "It hasn't been brought to my attention . . . I don't know what it is about, really," Ike replied.

When the Yalta documents were leaked by the State Department, White House Press Secretary Jim Hagerty quickly told the press that the President knew nothing about it; he had not known that the documents were released. Nobody who saw the President's earnest face or heard his lofty moral lecture about the folly of making political use of the Yalta documents could doubt for a minute the truth of Hagerty's statement. Ike had not been told. He didn't know. It was really quite inspirational and edifying to listen to him after the dirty work was done. And we doubt if such explosive documents could be given out in any other great capital of the world today without first getting the approval of the head of state. But this is Washington, and this is President Eisenhower.

We enjoyed two dramatic little tidbits last week at Congressional hearings. One came when Oklahoma's Sen. Bob Kerr suddenly asked Dulles at a tariff session if he had found out yet who leaked the Yalta documents. Dulles, usually quick at retorts, didn't speak; just sat there, slowly flushing. After a painful pause which reporters won't soon forget, Kerr added, "Of course, you don't have to answer if you don't want to."

The other episode was more lighthearted; it simply involved the complexity of getting Bernard Baruch's answers in the final day of the Fulbright stock market inquiry. Elderly Baruch uses an earphone, two pairs of spectacles, and a male secretary who explains things to him after the Senators have tried to establish communication. The Senators shouted in the amplifiers of the echoing caucus room, which vibrated with the loudspeakers. Baruch would then normally change spectacles to focus on some portion of his advance text referred to. He would thrust his hearing aid first at the Senator, then at his secretary; the secretary with anxious, pursed face would translate quickly; there would be a pause of mounting tension while the audience leaned forward, and then finally would come the response, often a sententious epigram. We listened rapt because it must have been just this way that the Greeks consulted the Delphic oracle, waited, and then tried to unravel the conundrum. We guess oracles of all ages have been the same.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

China Policy—the Abundance of Strategists

DESPITE seeming defeats, the "war party" within the Eisenhower Administration is far from beaten. During the past few weeks it revealed itself both clever and strong as once again it sought to sell the public and the government the idea that "now is the time to bring China to her knees."

Leading the "war party" are Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Admiral Arthur Radford, Navy Chief of Staff Admiral Robert Carney, Senate Minority Leader William Knowland, and Sen. Styles Bridges (R, N.H.). Last summer these men tried to get us into the Indo-China war. "Cheap victory," was their slogan: not a single US foot soldier would be needed. Their opponents argued that while *full-scale* US intervention might save Indo-China, it would lose us all the rest of Southeast Asia. The President vacillated; Dulles was careful to stay on the fence; finally the decision was for negotiation.

The "war party" fretted and accused while the Indo-China settlement was signed at Geneva. What now are called the SEATO powers met in Manila to shape a treaty they hoped would warn the Communists not to cross a given line, yet would not antagonize the uncommitted Asian nations whose co-operation eventually had to be won if both line and warning were to have meaning. By October, however, the world had heard of Quemoy; Radford, *et al*, could again take the offensive.

Radford insisted that these small Nationalist-held islands, barely separated from the Chinese mainland, were "vital" (the Secretary of Defense now says they are not) to the defense of Formosa, 120 miles away, and that they must be defended although their defense would require US bombardment of the mainland—an action which would brand us "the aggressor" throughout Southeast Asia. The illusion of "cheap victory" again was invoked, this time to some avail. Although, at the time, the *NR* among others urged that the US immediately define which Nationalist-held islands it considered indispensable to the defense of Formosa, and clearly disassociate itself from all others before US prestige could become involved with their defense, the Administration's penchant for bluff handed its "war party" a preliminary victory. In a formal treaty signed with Chiang Kai-shek and approved by the Senate, US responsibility for the defense of such islands as Quemoy and Matsu was left deliberately vague.

Did we hope China would negotiate for these islands? Why should she? They were and are far more trouble to us than to her. Eventually, she would take them, and it made absolutely no sense to anyone—enemy or ally—that we should go to war over them.

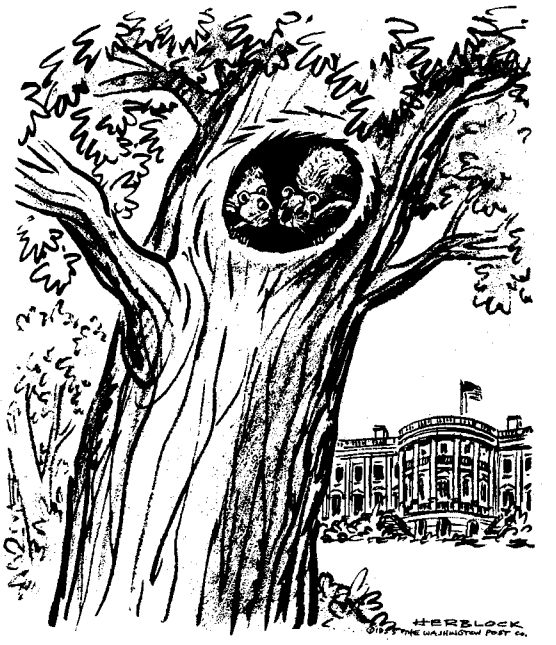
But to the "war party" it did and does make more sense than negotiation. No sooner did President Eisenhower begin to think seriously about Sen. Walter George's (D, Ga.) proposal for a new Big Four meeting than "leaks" from the Pentagon brought headlines of "new intelligence" indicating full-scale Red attacks on Matsu and Quemoy by mid-April. The folly of negotiation had been revealed by the suddenly released Yalta documents. The US must not appear a "paper tiger," Dulles said. What, asked the "war party," would happen to our prestige in Asia if we did not fight Red China for these islands?

And what an opportunity. In a confidential briefing for a few newsmen, Admiral Carney developed this line of logic: to defend Quemoy and Matsu we would have to bomb the Chinese mainland; naturally we would use "precision" atomic weapons for the job; and although the President has said these should only be used against military targets, industry surely is a military target—in short, war over Quemoy would allow us to destroy what industry China has built. The cheapest of victories with China brought to her knees.

There is reason to believe that the "new intelligence" referred to by the Pentagon means nothing as portentous as was claimed. And no one has explained why China should want to open hostilities on the eve of an Afro-Asian conference where she hopes to masquerade as a peace-loving and much-abused nation—unless she hopes we will do what our "war party" threatens and be forever damned in Asian eyes. It seems improbable that the President will be won over by the "war party" line.

His major prerequisite for another Big Four meeting—French ratification of the Paris pacts—has been met. France and England favor such talks, and Russia has hinted that she does, too. A war with Russia's major ally would make the meeting impossible.

It is possible, of course, that Dulles, assuming Russia is eager to talk with the West at the highest level before



Well, I certainly hope he goes to a Big 4 conference.

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German rearmament becomes a fact, hopes to use the "war party" as an instrument to scare the USSR into clamping down on China, at least temporarily. But this is the kind of devious thinking and bad bluffing which has gotten us into such messes as the present one. We will "lose face" now if we declare that Quemoy and Matsu are of no interest to us, and (we are told) we will hurt the morale of Chiang's troops. Neither of these results was inevitable six months ago. A declaration now at least would restore some of the freedom of maneuver we have lost, and which we may badly need if Big Four negotiations become a promising reality.

The ICC Is "It"

MORE CAN BE told about the still-secret report by the very special "Cabinet Committee on Transportation Policy and Organization." As the *NR* reported on February 14, this star-studded group, five of the 10 members of President Eisenhower's Cabinet, including the chairman, Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks, devoted itself to the task of writing a report broad enough to cover the whole transportation industry, but specifically to help the railroads. Weeks and Co. did so handsomely by the railroads in their original report last year that the full Cabinet asked them to take it back and tone it down a little. The new version continues the now familiar efforts of this Administration to gut federal regulatory agencies created by Congress to protect consumers; this time the Interstate Commerce Commission is "it."

While You Weren't Looking

The key provisions in Weeks' blueprint are these: (1) the railroads themselves, not the ICC as at present, should set rail rates; and (2) railroads should be permitted to compete in other fields of transportation, which they are now forbidden to do.

Specifically, the Weeks report denounces the ICC's present policy, and the controlling Interstate Commerce Act, as "paternalistic," designed to substitute the Commission's judgment for that of management—a grave sin indeed.

The report states bluntly that the ICC should not have rate-setting powers except in rare instances. Weeks and Co. recommend removing all ceilings on rates and allowing the ICC only to act against discriminately *low* rates. Also, the ICC would have to act within three months, rather than the present seven, to prevent a proposed rate increase from going into effect, and the burden of proof would lie not with the line proposing higher rates but with the people protesting them.

Before the Act is made "railroad-pure" by all this hacking and cutting, however, Weeks' report will have to be turned into a bill and in that form survive the attentions of Sen. Warren Magnuson's (D, Wash.) Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee.

"Saving" Stevenson

WITH THE exception of Dwight Eisenhower, probably no American living has as many people who know what's good for him as Adlai Stevenson. Not even the flowers of Spring are as plentiful as the recommendations on Stevenson's role in '56.

One suggestion now being tentatively brought forth is that the Governor should be "saved" for a less rainy day; 1960, for example, when the Republican army will, the Democrats hope, be bereft of its General.

The motives of the "saviours" are not in every case disinterested. Some want to ditch the '52 Democratic nominee for good, partly because they own preferred stock in some other hopeful: Symington or Lyndon Johnson, or Kefauver, or Harriman, or "Soapy" Williams.

Another group wants Adlai so badly and is so fired with sacrificial zeal that it is determined to keep him out of harm's (Eisenhower's) way. They have made up their minds (now they need only make up *his*) that Gallup is right, that the nation isn't ready for an intellectual like Stevenson. They are confident that Ike, as the President who kept us out of war, will be unbeatable, and that Adlai, therefore, should again go after the Illinois governorship—or Everett Dirksen's seat in the Senate.

Also observable is an outcropping of level-headed "good Democrats," professionals still in search of a candidate. They "admire" Stevenson but complain he doesn't have *zing* for the common folk, is "just not a good politician."

Such are some of the elements in the volunteer brigade of advisers, agreed in this Spring of 1955 that the grass will be greener for the Democrats if Stevenson doesn't run for President next year.

But three obstacles are bound to slow down, if not block, any "Save-Stevenson" drive:

First, the Governor is still able to quicken the pulse of more voters than any other nationally known Democrat. Second, neither Stevenson nor those closest to him indicate any wearying or wanting to lie down and be quiet. And third, although the grass may be greener in some other Democratic candidate's backyard, no one is yet sure whose backyard it is.

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Stassen's Regional Approach to Asian Aid

HAROLD STASSEN, the ex-boy-governor, still likes to do things by threes and fours, even in a 45-minute Washington press conference. When he called reporters together last week to release the President's foreign-aid request for 1955, he added a phrase to American newspaper jargon, he confirmed the financial compromise on foreign aid which ended nine months of debate within the Administration, he outlined a new Asian aid program which could turn out to be the Eisenhower Administration's first creative step in foreign economic policy, and set the stage for a hot Congressional fight.

Stassen's contribution to phrase making was the "arc countries," a handy term to identify the 15 countries of free Asia stretching in an arc from Afghanistan and Pakistan on the west to South Korea and Japan on the east. This area is generally conceded to pose the greatest present threat of Communist subversion. It is for this area that some officials of the Administration, led by Stassen, have been seeking a dramatic new economic-aid program, sometimes called a Marshall Plan for Asia, though the similarities are slight.

Discussion of such an aid program started almost a year ago, when the military decision in Indo-China went against the French. It was thereafter plain that economic measures, not arms, must be the primary instrument of policy to check subversion, that collective security in Asia must rest upon more substantial political and economic underpinnings than those which now exist.

By the summer of 1954 the National Security Council was involved in the issue. By November it had been handed to the newly created Foreign Economic Council. Within the privacy of these governmental debates, it is acknowledged that planning officers of both the State Department and Stassen's Foreign Operations Administration argued for a new Asian program costing $1 billion a year, organized regionally and continuing for a number of years.

What emerged at Stassen's recent press conference was a compromise—that the President would ask Congress for $3.5 billion in new appropriations for foreign aid, about the same amount he requested last year, and within the new request would be about $200 million which could be used to start a regional Asian aid program. This sum would be a net increase over the existing bilateral aid programs for the same area, and could be used exclusively for economic development, not arms.

Even this watered-down version, though it may be inadequate in size even for the first year, is potentially a new departure in foreign economic policy. The form, not the size, is significant. What is new is this: since America began its aid programs in Asia after World War II, it has treated each Asian country as an isolated problem. This appeared to make sense because only about 30 percent of the foreign trade of the arc countries was with each other and the balance went outside the region, mainly to Europe and North America. This was a very different situation from that which produced the Marshall Plan and the Organization for European Economic Cooperation.

Nevertheless, Asians showed a marked preference for regional bodies in which Asian voices predominated. Thus, the Colombo Plan, which began in 1950 as a British Commonwealth aid program, soon grew into an economic consultative organization embracing nearly all the arc countries. Likewise, the UN regional economic commission for Asia, ECAFE, developed into a kind of regional parliament, attended by top Asian officials. If American aid could be organized in similar fashion, it would overcome much of the present Asian political sensitivity to Western "interference."

Moreover, economic advantages are not lacking. If the same American dollar could bring about the export of Japanese capital goods in exchange for raw materials from other arc countries, our aid appropriation would be used twice over. A regional approach could also aid some river valley developments which straddle national boundaries.

A regional program would need a regional organization. Stassen proposed at a Colombo Plan meeting in Ottawa last September that Asian countries come forward with a plan for regional economic development. He repeated this invitation at a press conference in New Delhi last month. Publicly there has been no response. But it is generally anticipated that at the next Colombo Plan meeting in September, 1955, the Asian members will approve the creation of a full-time secretariat, which will become the nucleus around which Asian economic organization can evolve.

A sharp Congressional fight is certain to be provoked by the President's foreign-aid proposals because the last Congress, in enacting the Mutual Security Act of 1954, ordered that military and economic development assistance should cease on June 30, 1955, except for a terminal period in which prior commitments would be fulfilled. This termination order did not apply to the United States technical assistance program, or to our contribution to the UN technical assistance program.

Not only has the President decided to submit to the Congress, about April 20, substantial new requests for military and economic aid, but he has also added this cautious beginning of an Asian regional plan. It makes no sense to put forward such a plan unless it is our intention to support it for a number of years, and at a level of appropriation higher than the first year request. If suitably sustained, however, it could have a bearing upon the freedom of a dozen Asian countries.

The Mind of Europe

In each of the Western European countries this week, the subject which is arousing the greatest public interest, controversy and conflict is far from world affairs.

Belgium. *Schools.* Serious street fighting between Christian Democrats and anti-clericals about the Socialist-Liberal Government's reduction of subsidies to Catholic schools.

France. *Taxes.* The labor unions, especially the anti-Communist *Force Ouvriere*, start to counter-attack the Poujade movement which favors lower taxes for small storekeepers.

West Germany. *Wages.* Big majority of coal-miners vote to strike in the Ruhr and Rhineland.

Italy. *Oil.* Government crisis almost inevitable after Premier Scelba's return from the US on the issue of concessions to big US companies for development of new wells in Sicily and Abruzzi.

England. *People.* The unfinished struggle within the Labour Party between Bevanites and Gaitskellists.

Everywhere in Europe. *Film stars.* Gina Lollobrigida versus Sofia Loren.

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Liberty in Illinois—Once More in the Breach

OVERSIMPLIFICATION and single-minded pursuit of an inflammatory issue are characteristics of modern demagoguery. So is the practice of including such outrageous provisions in a piece of legislation that subsequent watered-down versions appear, in contrast, almost palatable. These characteristics mark the Broyles bills which are now being considered by the Illinois General Assembly. Only gubernatorial vetoes saved Illinois from their 1951 and 1953 predecessors.

Supporters of the bills hope that eliminating the provision for a roving Seditious Activities Investigation Commission will make the 1955 version acceptable enough to get the bills through the legislature and past the governor. But sober analysis makes the 1955 bills no more reassuring than the former ones.

Senate Bill 58 provides that any employee of the state, its political subdivisions or instrumentalities, can be severed from the payroll if he "directly or indirectly advocates the overthrow of the government of the United States or the State of Illinois by force, or allegiance and subservience to the political principles of any foreign government." It also compels any such employee to sign under oath an affidavit that he is not a Communist and not "knowingly a member of or affiliated with any organization which advocates the overthrow or destruction of the constitutional form of the government of the United States or of the State of Illinois, by force, violence or other unlawful means."

Senate Bill 59 provides that the superior of any employee of the state, its subdivisions or instrumentalities, can "discharge any person who is a subversive person. . . . Conviction as a subversive person shall not be a condition precedent to discharge as a subversive person." The bill would make it unlawful for *any* person knowingly and willfully to "commit, attempt to commit, or aid in the commission of any act intended to overthrow or destroy, or to assist in the overthrow or destruction of, the constitutional form of government. . . ." Also it would be unlawful for anyone to "advocate, abet, advise, or teach by any means any person to commit, attempt to commit, or assist in the commission of any such act under such circumstances as to constitute a clear and present danger to the security of the United States. . . ."

How can the Attorney General accuse persons of subversion without some information on their activities? Or a superior discharge an employee without knowledge of subversion? The public is left to guess whether future legislation will create a state espionage system. Or whether the people are to be encouraged to volunteer information—children report their parents, students their teachers, and friends their friends. And while "subversive organization," "foreign government," *etc.*, are carefully defined, the bills fail to define "indirectly advocates," "advise or teach by any means" and "allegiance and subservience to the political principles." How do you measure "assistance" in the overthrow of government? And does not the argument that British government is more responsive to the public than ours because its election system is more flexible advocate subservience (which means to promote) to a foreign government?

The "clear and present" danger test might be more reasonable in calmer times, but today our lower courts have stretched the danger idea to include "remote bad tendency"—that is, to expressions and activities which *might*, not *do*, endanger the public. The lengths to which Senator Broyles personally would stretch the danger idea are exemplified in a statement he made following an abortive investigation of the University of Chicago and Roosevelt College he conducted in 1949:

> May we further state that this Commission fearlessly and without any pretense of dealing with the subject matter of its investigation, without docility, are anxious to advocate legislation to absolutely curb their operations because of their violation of the basic principles of the very constitution which they seek to destroy, and so this Commission strongly advocates the passing of nihilitory legislation so needed to treat them as the mongrel class of citizenry.

The Broyles bills are doubly suspect since Illinois already has substantial legislation dealing with subversion. An 1874 statute forbids treason, and subsequent legislation (most of it passed in 1919) punishes treason and knowledge and concealment of treason; forbids advocating or assisting in the violent overthrow of government; and prohibits payment of salaries or expenses to state employees advocating overthrow or belonging to organizations so advocating. But since these laws avoid the loose and blurred wording of the Broyles bills, they are of little use in a dragnet operation.

Ford's Out Front?

WHEN AFL President George Meany recently addressed the CIO United Auto Workers convention at Cleveland, Ohio, the auto industry saw the first concrete result of organized labor's new unity: Walter Reuther has a powerful ally in his coming fight for a guaranteed annual wage.

Another disturbing sign to the industry's observers was the absence of internal strife at the convention. Reuther and his associates now are firmly in control of an organization numbering 1.5 million members; their proposal for a temporary dues hike to build a $25 million war chest for the coming GAW fight was approved almost unanimously.

Besides membership and money, the UAW will have other strategic advantages if it has to strike for its demands. The Big Three auto manufacturers are vulnerable, and they know it. It has been a long time since General Motors representatives have been able to sit across the table from the union negotiators and say "we can't afford this" without expecting, and getting, a horselaugh. As for Ford—it has spent 19 years catching up with Chevrolet; last year it pushed ahead in retail sales. Would the company be willing to risk its hard-won position in an all-out fight with the union? The successful 104-day, 1950 Chrysler strike, which cost the company its No. 2 position in the industry, might look to Ford like handwriting on the wall. Ford, in fact, has been chosen as the union's No. 1 target.

The delegates at the convention pointed to one especially favorable sign: both GM and Ford have broken their long silence on the UAW 1955 demands by initiating exploratory talks with the union, though not required to do so by the present contract. There is speculation that Henry Ford III may emulate his grandfather's precedent-making 1914 agreement to pay $5 a day by becoming the first major industrialist to pay some form of guaranteed annual wage.

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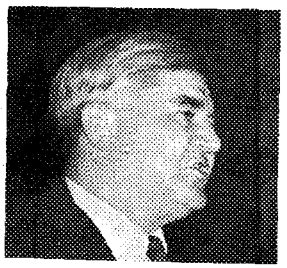

The Anatomy of Bevanism

by Henry Fairlie

BEVANISM is not, and never has been, a political movement with any coherent philosophy or policy. When Mr. Bevan and 56 other Labour Members of Parliament first voted against their party's line on defense in April, 1952, they included among their number such an odd collection of pacifists, Independent Labour Partyers, discontents, fellow-travellers, nineteenth-century rationalists, fiery Radicals, Christian Socialists, disappointed office-seekers, and two wives thrown in for good measure, that they were immediately and inevitably christened the "57 Varieties." So they have remained: a quite normal group of left-wing dissidents, coalescing, separating and coalescing again on different issues; and given the appearance of a united movement solely by the personality of one man, Mr. Aneurin Bevan.

The explanation of Mr. Bevan's personality is to be found in his origins. His parents were members of the South Wales peasantry which was dispossessed by the agricultural depression of the 1870's. This peasantry had inherited an age-old culture of its own, and when it had to pull up its roots in the hills and go down to seek a livelihood in the mining valleys, something far more important happened than the mere economic disruption of a small community. A culture was murdered. Mr. Bevan's protest against his past is not, then, as is commonly supposed, just the simple protest of a wage-slave against the conditions of his slavery; it is the protest of a peasant against his disinheritance, the protest of a survivor of an ancient culture against the submergence of that culture by a rootless proletariat.

Mr. Bevan has never accepted his membership of the proletariat, which is what distinguishes him from others of his generation who endured the same conditions in the mining valleys of South Wales. His striving to reincorporate himself in a living culture is the dominant streak in his character. He talks with an affecting and revealing softness about his mother, a woman much more cultured than his father—the Christian names she gave her children would only have been given by one versed in Welsh folk-lore—and again and again he will come back to the picture of Hereford Cathedral which used to hang above the mantelpiece at home, and which is a sort of symbol to him of the culture of which he was deprived. To hear Mr. Bevan talk about art—I remember him once talking of how he and his wife stood in the Sistine Chapel and wondered whether it was possible to produce great art except on a great scale, a characteristic observation—is to watch someone trying to give himself the spiritual nourishment of which he believes he was deprived as a child.

The bitterness and unsoftened ambition in him are by no means the vicious streaks in a cruel character which they are sometimes represented to be. Yet the fact remains that they are the factors which have, again and again, and especially at moments of crisis, distorted his political judgment. This judgment is quite exceptional when it is allowed to operate unhindered by personal obsessions. Mr. Bevan has an instinctive ability to discover the heart of a political issue; he can put his finger on the real point when others are still floundering in the irrelevancies by which it is obscured. The loss of this political imagination to British politics—or, as during the past years, its distortion—is a tragedy. But the fact is that Mr. Bevan becomes almost uncontrollable in moments of crisis, and particularly when his ego is touched.

Mr. Bevan has led the Left into the futile search for emotional counters to play against the official leadership. Mr. Bevan has been satisfied, and has seduced the Left into being satisfied, with reaching for every out-of-date emotional appeal which will most easily command support amongst the rank and file. It was interesting that at last some of them revolted when he wished again to take the sentimental attitude over the hydrogen bomb.

THE RESULT has been that the Left has not had the influence on Labour Party policy which it could have had after 1951 if it had set about the task of trying to formulate a policy which, *on its merits*, would have deserved to become the policy of the Labour Party. The Right has, in this situation, been forced to trim to the sentimentalists of the rank and file, but on every major issue has been able to force its own policy through by pointing to the inanity of the alternative. (This was especially noticeable two years ago, during the discussions about future nationalization. The Left under Mr. Bevan offered nothing more than the wholesale nationalization of a series of major industries. The Right had no difficulty in crushing the demand.)

The story of Bevanism has been the story of the betrayal of the Left; of the subjection of that part of the Labour movement which should supply the dynamic in the party to the personal ambitions of one man. The attempt of the Right now to isolate Mr. Bevan from the rest of the Left is not only tactically sound from its point of view but is also politically justifiable. For it is the Bevan in Bevanism which has been the canker in the Labour Party during the past three years.

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The New Justice Harlan

by Eugene Gressman

AFTER a delay of more than four months, the Senate has finally confirmed the nomination of John Marshall Harlan as an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The delay was occasioned by petty politics that reflected upon the good sense of the Senate without detracting from the fact that Harlan is an able and qualified successor to the late Justice Robert H. Jackson and is infinitely superior to many who might have been named to the post.

Harlan has served for the past year on the federal court of appeals in New York. Prior to that he had been a distinguished lawyer and trial counsel who represented corporate clients; he also served for a time as an assistant federal prosecutor and as chief counsel to the New York State Crime Commission. As an Air Force officer stationed in war-time London he became acquainted with General Eisenhower, a factor undoubtedly related to his appointment to the high court.

Justice Harlan

The new Justice is the namesake of his grandfather, one of the greatest libertarian judges ever to sit (1877 to 1911) on the Supreme Court. It was his grandfather who foreshadowed the recent demise of the "separate but equal" doctrine in the field of public education. Dissenting in the now discredited case of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* in 1896, a decision dealing with racial segregation in public transportation, the elder Harlan insisted that "our Constitution is color blind and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens."

Nine of the 11 votes cast against confirmation of the younger Harlan came from Southern Senators. Despite their protestations to the contrary, these Senators seem to have been primarily motivated by the assumption that the grandson, though he had never expressed himself on the subject, had inherited the vigorous anti-segregation viewpoint of his grandfather. And the Court provided an opportunity to exploit this assumption further. The scheduled argument before the Court as to the manner and time of carrying out last year's outlawry of public-school segregation had been delayed until the Court regained its full numerical strength. Seeking to take advantage of this situation, the Southerners discreetly maneuvered to delay Harlan's confirmation until enough time had passed to make it difficult for the Court to reschedule the argument during the present term. Thus the evil day of decision might be postponed until some time next year. But the maneuver did not quite succeed. Public opinion became annoyed at the unseemly delay, and resistance to voting on confirmation inevitably crumbled. Following confirmation, the Court moved swiftly to set the argument for April 11 and thus insure a decision by no later than June.

Other political factors also contributed to the confirmation opposition. The fact that Harlan had been a member of the advisory council of the Atlantic Union Committee and once contributed $25 to that organization was seized upon as an indication that the nominee was a subversive internationalist. He might, it was said, join with four other Justices some day and vote to give away the sovereignty of the United States to some international group. And Harlan's lack of personal views on the Bricker Amendment or on the admission of Red China to the United Nations was cited as evidence "that he sides with those who would forfeit our sovereignty" and as a reflection on his general competence.

There were also some faint Senatorial hearts that feared that Harlan's career as a corporate lawyer would cause him to be monopoly-minded, without proper respect for federal anti-trust policies. Additionally, certain arbitrary objections to confirmation were raised—Harlan, a New Yorker, did not come from North Dakota or some other state heretofore unrepresented in the Cabinet or Supreme Court, and he had not had "at least 10 years of judicial service."

Seldom have so many extraneous issues been injected into the consideration of a judicial appointment. Fortunately, 71 Senators rejected such issues and, though some did it reluctantly, voted to confirm Harlan. They thereby reaffirmed the historic thesis as to the Senate's role in considering judicial nominations, a thesis stated by Senator Barkley during the debate as follows:

> Mr. President, every time we vote to confirm the nomination not only of a member of the Supreme Court but of any other member of the judicial system, we take a chance. We take a chance on how a man's mind will work when he dons the robes of a Justice of the Supreme Court. We assume a risk. We cannot always know in advance everything—and probably we should not press an inquiry along that line—concerning how any nominee for appointment to the Court will decide a given case. He cannot know in advance what the

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evidence will be and what the circumstances will be. Therefore we must trust the members of the Court as we must trust ourselves, and as we must trust other nominees whose confirmation we are called upon to consider.

The long struggle over the nomination has left its scars. Determination of at least six important constitutional issues has had to be deferred until the vacancy was filled. Additional work has been forced upon the other eight Justices during the past five months, and it will be difficult for the Court to clear its docket by the end of its current term in June. More importantly, the nature of the objections to the confirmation creates an ugly precedent for inquiring into the political and judicial beliefs of future Court nominees. Particularly obnoxious was the use of the "guilt by association" technique, the ascribing of ultra-internationalist beliefs to Harlan solely by virtue of his remote affiliation with an Atlantic Union organization.

Now that the confirmation battle is over, attention must be paid to John Marshall Harlan as an important cog in the future deliberations of the nation's highest tribunal. That he brings intelligence, ability, learning, experience and humbleness to his lofty task cannot be denied. Also undeniable is that he is more conventional and less picturesque than the tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking Justice who was his grandfather, a giant Kentuckian who was once a slave owner. One biographer has said of the elder Harlan that, "when an argument in Court began to bore him he occasionally surprised visitors by getting up and pacing to and fro behind the bench, pausing at each end to take aim at a convenient spittoon." The younger Harlan will doubtless be more of a conformist in giving vent to his boredom.

But beyond these generalities, as Senator Barkley said, we assume a risk. Harlan's career has not been such as to permit the development of a meaningful, cohesive judicial philosophy. His short tenure on the federal bench resulted in his participation in approximately 100 appeals and his writing of opinions in 23 cases. But most of those cases involved taxation and maritime law, and his opinions furnish little information about the attitude he can be expected to take on the broader issues confronting the Supreme Court in the next few years.

Yet there are those who view the new Justice with less than hopeful enthusiasm. This dampened outlook is predicated on the one important opinion he wrote last year, on behalf of the court of appeals, affirming the conviction of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and the "second string" Communist leaders under the Smith Act. In a rather uninspired opinion, Harlan advanced an interpretation of the "clear and present danger" rule which is said to undermine the First Amendment still further by holding that the danger need not be either "clear" or "present" but only "potential" to warrant Congress' interfering with free speech and free press. The "clear and present danger" rule, wrote Harlan, "connotes no more than that the setting in which the defendants have conspired is such as to lead reasonably to the conclusion that their teachings *may* result in an attempt to overthrow." One commentator has characterized this holding as taking "us back to the law of constructive treason in the worst days of the English common law."

In the refined atmosphere of the Supreme Court a judge is answerable only to his own conscience and to the traditions of the Court; there he can give full voice to the best that is within him; there he can and sometimes does express views differing greatly from those of his pre-Court days. Harlan must, therefore, be judged by what he says and does in that atmosphere. All that can fairly be said now is that his past record gives little basis for assuming that he will have that noble passion for human rights and civil liberties possessed by such judicial libertarians as Hugo Black, William O. Douglas, Louis D. Brandeis, Frank Murphy, Wiley Rutledge or the elder John Marshall Harlan.

Harlan comes to the Court in the midst of the judicial battles growing out of the postwar assaults on subversion and disloyalty. Already a substantial number of these critical issues have been resolved, marking deeply some of the basic trends of judicial attitude. During the past six or seven years the Court has rather consistently drawn back from its responsibility of enforcing the libertarian mandates of the Constitution. In contrast to its bold but isolated action in striking down segregation in public schools, the Court has permitted legislative and executive programs aimed at subversion and disloyalty to run rough-shod through the fields of individual liberty. It has done little to curb the excesses of governmental power that have marked the Smith Act prosecutions, the loyalty and security risk programs, the deportation drives, the Internal Security Act of 1950, the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952, and the anti-labor statutes. Showing extreme deference to the legislative judgments in these matters, the Court has either given its constitutional stamp of approval or so narrowly construed its powers of review as to impose no judicial or constitutional curbs.

The result has been to dim the lustre of the Bill of Rights and to subordinate its humanitarian principles to the asserted demands of national security. In a democratic society, grounded on the primacy of individual liberties, such a result is an intolerable one. It is a situation from which the Court will eventually have to extricate itself so that it once again may proclaim the fact that human freedom is constitutionally paramount. It must reject the view, as did the elder Justice Harlan in dissenting in the 1907 case of *Patterson v. Colorado*, "that the legislature may impair or abridge the rights of a free press and of free speech whenever it thinks that the public welfare required that to be done."

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Back to Burke in Britain

by T. E. Utley

WHEN Walter Lippmann's book (*The Public Philosophy*, see *NR*, February 21, 1955) comes to England, it will be read by a public predisposed to believe in it not merely by reason of its author's reputation but because criticism of democracy has for the last few years been one of the favorite pursuits of the political intelligentsia in Britain. What is more, this is not merely a surface movement; it is not just a slight curdling of the cream of Britain's intellectual life or intellectualization of professional middle-class resentment against inflation and the income tax. On the contrary, the anti-democratic movement, if so it may be described, even has a subtle effect on the vocabulary of popular journalism. A decade ago "democratic" was still a synonym for good; nowadays when it is necessary, as it so often is, to facilitate the smooth conduct of diplomacy by distinguishing the good from the bad countries, the ranks of righteousness are no longer described as "the democracies" but simply as "the Western powers." Journalistic clichés have their day, but their passing usually signifies some trend at a higher level, and, in this case, it certainly does.

For the truth of this I will cite four pieces of evidence, each of which points to the view that there is an underlying current of skepticism about democracy in intelligent political thinking in Britain today. The first and most striking of them is the fact that the Chair of Political Science at the London School of Economics, an institution which hitherto had the almost official role of chief "ideas factory" of the Socialist movement, has been occupied since 1951 by Mr. Michael Oakeshott, a Cambridge scholar whose life as a political scientist has been almost exclusively devoted to rewriting Edmund Burke in contemporary terms; the second is the immense success in Britain of the first volume of Dr. J. L. Talmon's *Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* which appeared in 1952; the third, the profound impression produced by a series of improvised lectures on the BBC's Third Programme by Mr. Isaiah Berlin, the thesis of which was that the passion for absolute liberty generated by eighteenth century rationalism was the source of most of our present discontents, and the last, the attitude of the *London Times* toward all questions which do not immediately arise from the day's news.

This last point calls for some more elaborate explanation: the *London Times* does not set out solely to reflect educated public opinion, but it is extremely conscious of the exact nature and limits of its readership; it knows that it will be read by all MPs, most senior civil servants, the great majority of University dons and the upper layer of the business and professional classes generally; it does not believe in saying things which will come with more than a pleasant shock to the majority of its readers. As the majority of its readers are British, this means that it keeps principles out of the discussion of practical politics and salves its conscience for doing so by occasionally devoting a "think-piece" to the discussion of nothing but principles. Now, over the last seven years or so, the political "think-pieces" have been distinguished by a consistent mood of skepticism about the paraphernalia of democracy and a consistent attempt to expose the jargon of democratic thought. Dr. Talmon's book, Mr. Berlin's lectures and a restatement by Mr. Max Beloff, the Oxford political scientist, of Mill's objections to majority rule, appearing in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, 1953, were each singled out for the extremely rare distinction of a laudatory leading article in the *Times*. This sort of thing, then, must at least fall short of offending the sense of decorum of university common rooms or embittering after-dinner conversation among philosophically-minded politicians and civil servants.

THERE is, of course, a great deal of inconsistency and sheer nonsense in this current anti-democratic reaction. It has to contend with a central problem of anti-democratic thought, whether to attack majority rule as a source of weak government or a source of tyranny; some of it, though not much of it nowadays, is anti-liberal in the sense that it puts most emphasis on the need for obedience and on the view that social cohesion has been undermined by egalitarian ideas; most of it is intensely pro-liberal, following the common Victorian complaint against democracy, that it produces a concentration of power hostile to liberty and fatal to personal distinction (witness, the fashion in serious reviews and on the BBC's Third Programme for reviving such Victorian anti-democrats as Fitzjames Stephen, Leckey and Mallock).

> ". . . *The world is the best of all possible worlds, and* everything *in it is a necessary evil.*"
>
> —**Michael Oakeshott, in his inaugural lecture at the London School of Economics and Political Science.**

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Almost everything bad that was ever said about democracy from every point of view has lately been compiled and restated in a book called *The Heresy of Democracy* by the scholar statesman of the pre-war period Lord Eustace Percy, and, if this book were typical, it would be fair to dismiss the present trend as a confused grumbling. However, in spite of the well-merited eminence of its author, whose writing in the past has been outstandingly penetrating, this book is not typical. There is a core of hard, consistent, scholarly thought, represented by writers like Dr. Talmon and Mr. Berlin, which is quite the most important and intellectually respectable thing in present-day British political thought. (Dr. Talmon, though an Israeli of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, writes in English and publishes in London and has probably made a greater impact here than anywhere else.)

The common theme of these writers is that democracy is a secular religion sustained by a messianic hope of social perfection. As a philosophy, it starts with the belief in absolute and universal liberty, and, because such a state of things could only be realized in a social order where individual interests completely harmonized and because such a social order can be brought about only by the tyrannical use of power, democracy slides imperceptibly from the passion for freedom into the acceptance of servitude. Politically, there is, as writers like Mr. Beloff point out, a parallel to this process on the plane of thought: while democracy has always been associated with messianic hopes for the future of mankind, the social circumstances in which its machinery came into being have also tended toward tyranny, for democracy has vested political power in a class which is both the largest and, when organized, the most economically powerful in the community. If such a class is taught to regard itself as a vehicle of Redemption, if it can cloak its organized avarice in the dress of moral infallibility, it will annihilate liberty.

At first sight inconsistent with this picture of a world dominated by arrogant majorities, there is also the favorite theme of another school of thought, the constitutional analysts, who have been busy exploring the proposition that majority rule is of necessity an illusion. To make the popular will effective, they say, executive power has had to be increased to a point at which the popular will is extinguished. It is not only that the people do not themselves administer nationalized industries and that their representatives have no proper opportunity for questioning those who do; it is also that the devices used to give the people the impression that they are governing themselves, the theory of the electoral mandate and the practice of drawing up elaborate party programs before elections, programs which then become sacred and inviolable, all tend to put actual power in the hands of political string-pullers. The inconsistency between this and the other types of criticism seems to me to be only apparent: obviously the political string-pullers have to cater for what they believe to be the prejudices and interests of the majority; obviously, in the process, they import into politics ideas and measures which have very little interest for the majority. Majority rule is tempered by a bureaucratic authority and the activities of the academic zealots who take an increasing hand in the affairs of the political parties and exert a special influence at party conferences.

The contemporary criticism of democracy in Britain does, I think, amount to a coherent, intellectual movement. Its causes and its probable practical affects cannot be treated here; it must be enough to say that they do not include and are not likely to include the demand for any fundamental constitutional change. These thinkers do not look for changes in the political order, but for a revival in the tradition of British empiricism and for skepticism about all political orders. Their message can be summed up in one slogan, "Back to Burke."

A forthcoming article will reappraise the relevance of Burkeian conservative thought, in view of its vogue today in the United States and Great Britain.

"Back to Burke"

A nation is not an idea only of local extent, and individual momentary aggregation; but it is an idea of continuity, which extends in time as well as in numbers and in space. And this is a choice not of one day, or one set of people, not a tumultuary and giddy choice; it is a deliberate election of ages and of generations; it is a constitution made by what is ten thousand times better than choice, it is made by the peculiar circumstances, occasions, tempers, dispositions, and moral, civil, and social habitudes of the people, which disclose themselves only in a long space of time. Nor is prescription of government formed upon blind, unmeaning prejudices—for man is a most unwise and a most wise being. The individual is foolish; the multitude, for the moment, is foolish, when they act without deliberation; but the species is wise, and, when time is given to it, as a species it always acts right.

—Edmund Burke, from "Reform of Representation," *Works*, Vol. VI

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ARCHITECTURE and the new package style

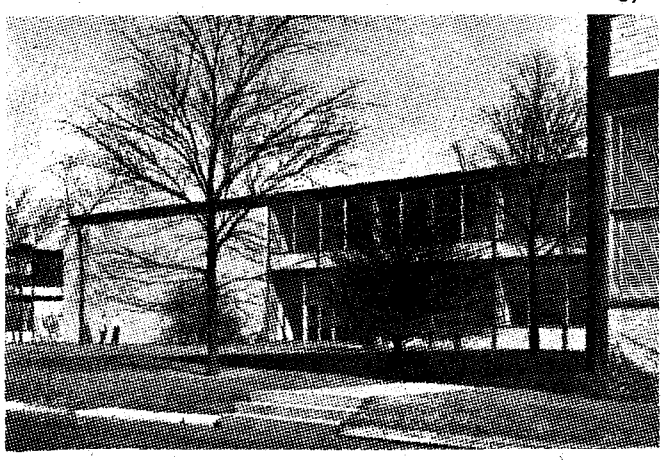
by Robert Woods Kennedy

TODAY, some 20 years after the apparent unlamented demise of Technocracy, that doctrine is only just coming into its own—in our architecture. Architects, in collaboration with numerous home owners, businesses and universities (not to mention the UN), are producing numberless permanent monuments to the theory. Harvard University's Graduate Student Dormitory, Illinois Tech's Campus, Lever Brothers New York headquarters, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology's new auditorium are only our premiere examples. Nearly all modern, and, oddly enough, many traditional houses, also exhibit symptoms of the same ideological disease.

In retrospect, it seems inevitable that technocratic doctrine should have swept the building business. Science and engineering pervade every aspect of our lives. Their prestige is supreme. In such an age—so the theory goes—our economic resources, and thus our entire society, should be controlled by scientists and engineers. Architects as a group are particularly sensitive to the charms of such notions. They are, in part, technicians. If engineering techniques lead to control, they want to be led in that direction too, along with their purer brethren. Americans tend to derogate the element ART in architecture. Esthetic values are immeasurable, and arguments about them lead to undignified rhubarbs. Livability is a vastly complex problem, also involving highly imponderable factors. To be caught floundering in such realms is to have to admit that one's vocation is out of step with the times—it is to lose face. Why not, then, limit the criteria for design to objective, technical provable tests?

This attitude might result in nothing more than a serious limitation were it not for the fact that architecture inevitably mirrors the attitudes on which it is based. The architect and client bent on achieving a "scientific" architecture badly want it to look—obviously—that way. This characteristic look is imparted by means of artistic, and therefore irrational devices and, as soon as they are employed, the whole concept collapses. The average technocratic architect uses artistic means to achieve a pseudo-scientific look, and pseudo-scientific thinking to rationalize the resulting lapses from common sense.

"... glass boxes ... serve as offices, libraries, laboratories and classrooms at the Illinois Institute of Technology."



The most interesting current example of the scientific approach is undoubtedly MIT's new auditorium. The building's envelope is a triangular segment of a sphere, supported at ground level on three points. This form is as arbitrary as it is startling. The architects quite consciously excluded the ability to hear as a factor influencing the building's shape. To be able to see was as much utility as the spherical segment had to offer. The acoustic properties of the hall were then approached as a separate engineering problem, to be solved in such secondary terms as absorptive veneers, baffles and reflectors—all elements essentially draped within the basic structure. In such cases the acoustic engineer (a physicist and thus a true scientist) becomes, in every sense, an architect. He must not only fix it, as he has always done. He must be highly creative, if the building is not to fail esthetically as well as in its primary purpose. Where this approach is followed consistently, all of those problems which can be met by the engineer are set aside for separate solution, thus reducing to a minimum the number of criteria the envelope must satisfy. This might be called fracturing, as opposed to the classical architectural endeavor to synthesize.

To fracture implies either ultimate faith in and complete acceptance of engineering, or a new situation so complex that the synthesizing method no longer works. In this particular case the building's design is such that the problems, and the mechanisms used to solve them are, in a sense, advertised. They have been exposed rather than, as is usual, absorbed. The effect is fascinating in the extreme. One can see, figuratively, the wheels going around, the gears meshing, the pistons pumping—a great display of extraordinary technical skill and ingenuity. Not the least factor in the building's fascination is the suspicion that all of this bother might have been avoided. How much of it, one wonders, is made necessary by the

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Robert Woods Kennedy, a Cambridge architect, is the author of The House and the Art of Its Design.

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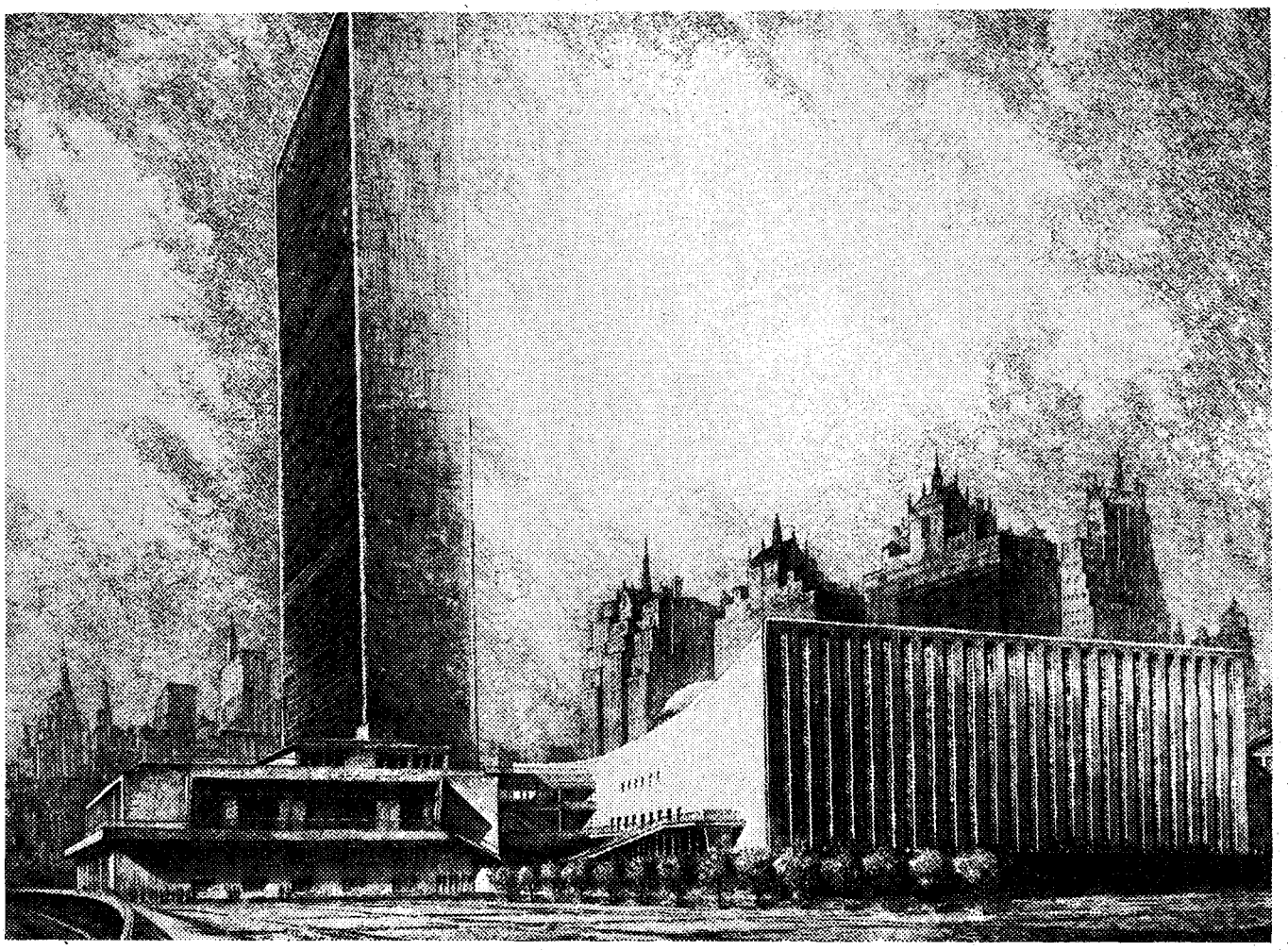

"A building's form is first very arbitrary. . . . Its functions are then . . . stuffed inside that envelope."

original arbitrary choice of an envelope? And, in its turn, how defensible is this shape, from the standpoint of the human uses which are the real functions a building is designed to serve? The ability to hear is the essence of an auditorium. A shape which fails to further that ability, and to express its acoustic intent, would seem to be merely a package, not architecture.

The MIT auditorium is so brilliant an example of the technocratic approach that it transcends the doctrine. It *is* architecture. Because of this, perhaps, it excellently exemplifies the style's characteristics. A building's form is first very arbitrary and very clear. Its functions are then, more or less ingeniously, stuffed inside that envelope. And, finally, the resulting somewhat unsatisfactory spaces are ameliorated by technical means. The UN Secretariat, with its west facing wall of heat-reflecting glass and huge air-conditioning load is such an example, as are the glass boxes which serve variously as offices, libraries, laboratories and class rooms at the Illinois Institute of Technology.

Building in this guise presents very real technical, financial, human and esthetic hazards. It is not safe and sound in the sense that an imitation of the Parthenon appears to be. Why, then, has it been so largely accepted? One reason surely lies in the fact that while the technocratic style is a product of specifically architectural imagination, its doctrinal overtones are generally accepted by engineers and businessmen. Where science is equated with control, each example of the technocratic style is a symbol of its owner's participation in that control. The institutes of technology are expressing their real leadership in science and engineering. The fact that they are content with a pseudo-scientific device is not surprising. For the past hundred years, our culture has taken very little stock of architecture. As a group, engineers are architects' most famously unsympathetic clients. The engineers and engineering-oriented businessmen who commission such buildings are obviously responding to their technicality, under the impression, perhaps, that they are experiencing a true architectural expression. But while these reasons for the style's success are probably the fundamental ones, they do not make anyone the richer. The practical utility of the technocratic approach is in its publicity value, with all this entails in terms of prestige, and in the ability to raise funds, sell soap or attract brilliant students. The MIT auditorium has been the sensation of the architectural profession since the day it was announced. It will surely be the sensation of the newspaper and magazine world now that it is finished. Like the trylon and perisphere of the late New York

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World's Fair, it is ideally suited to function as a trade mark.

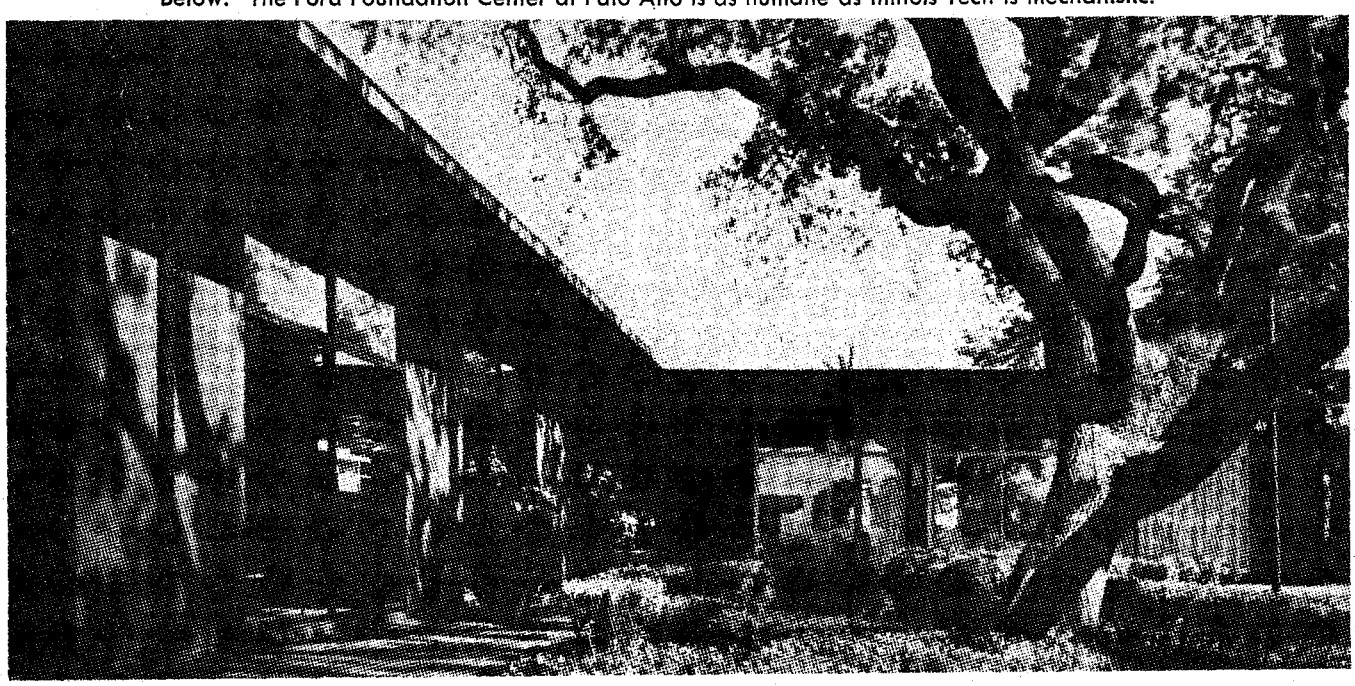
Because publicity and prestige are so important, management has come to look upon its buildings not only as shelter, but also as managerial tools for the achievement of these benefits. The technocratic style is closely adapted to this function. It is new, startling, and clearly connected with the sources of power. As such it is far more appropriate to the general purposes of management than the classical revival styles, which the robber barons of the past century had perforce to be content with. As this function is more and more evident, the living functions become less and less important. Thus inadequacies in livability are tolerated which would heretofore have been considered scandalous. The technocrat in building must toe a very fine line. The non-functionalism and blatant phallic symbolism of the trylon and perisphere must be avoided. On the other hand, his "functional" building must not fail to communicate an exciting and easily understood message.

This puts a demand on the technocratic style to be fully visible, in the shortest possible length of time, with the least possible amount of effort. There must be no wondering about what's around the corner. There must be no question about what the next room is like. There must be no diminution with night, or weather, or age. The style must do for architecture what the *Reader's Digest* does for literature. The message—that this is a scientific building, for a leader of science, in a scientific age, must be absolutely obvious. An architecture which solved a variety of living problems in a variety of ways would not be so recognizable. It would be, in fact, scientific, or the architectural equivalent thereof, and would thus involve time, effort and sophistication in order to be appreciated.

In order to perform adequately as symbolic shorthand, the technocratic style must limit itself to absolutely clear, simple and pristine shapes. Thus the universally used abstract forms which, from no matter what angle they are seen, leave one in no doubt as to their whole development. Startling shapes are also of tremendous value, as long as they are simple enough to be grasped instantly. The Greeks, who endlessly refined the temple form, or the New Englanders who teased the salt box, were fascinated by detail and content with their standardized envelope. The technocrat reverses these fields of interest. His details tend to be standardized, while he must search endlessly for novelty in the total envelope. By great good luck all of Euclid is at his disposal—each form well known to every high school graduate, each as recognizable as a symbol of mathematics, geometry, science and technology as the words here used to symbolize them. Between the helical ramps of the much publicized Guggenheim Museum and the tetrahedrons of the equally well publicized Dymaxion domes, there are an almost unlimited series of shapes, all with the right message already built in.

The Euclidian forms are more expressive of power as they are physically larger. But regardless of their absolute size, they are intrinsically appropriate to the requirements of big and scientific business, research and education. Where a house is the question, they are somewhat pretentious. Since the Victorian age it has been considered undue conspicuousness of consumption to force the scale of houses. Extreme simplicity is also pretentious. The absolute necessity to co-operate, typical of complex business, research and educational enterprises, places a new burden on the individual to behave "other directedly," *i.e.* to submerge himself in his group. It is becoming increasingly difficult to persuade most house clients that

Below: "The Ford Foundation Center at Palo Alto is as humane as Illinois Tech is mechanistic."



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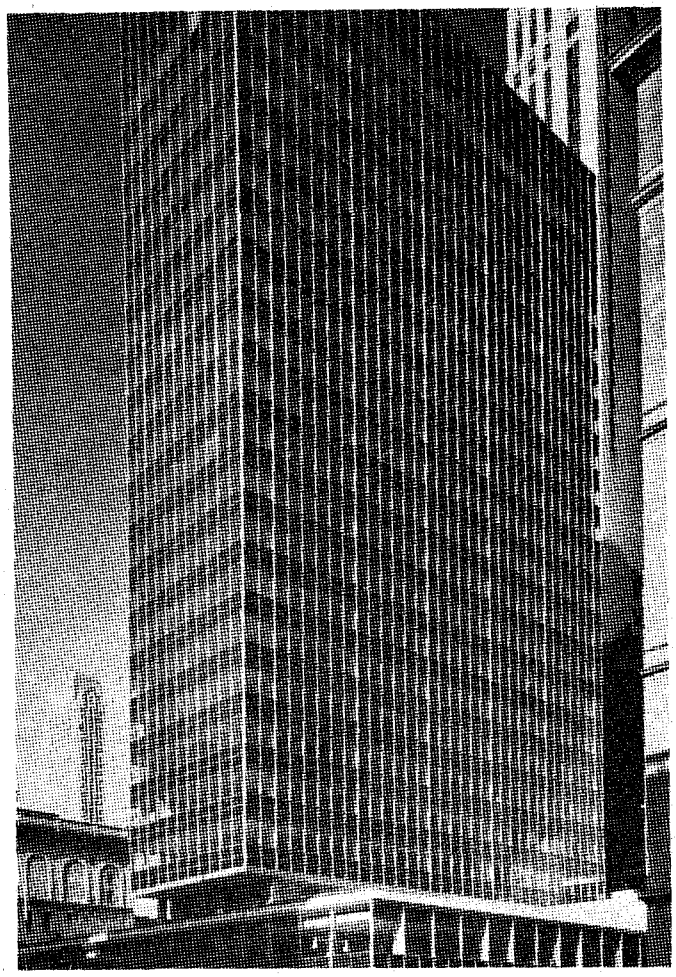
the slightest variation from the modern house formula is anything but an admission of ignorance—than which nothing could be more demeaning. The current house must avoid suggesting personal power, predatory predilections or a willingness to deviate. Its function is to suggest the fact that its owners belong to or wish to associate themselves with that group closest to the matrix of technology.

Standardization is essential to the symbolic utility of a style. If it were always in flux, if new kinds of houses were mushrooming everywhere, no one would know what they meant, or more immediately, what kind of people lived in them. On the other hand science, in its constant activity "at the frontiers of knowledge," is by definition *avant garde*. Thus the technocratic style must produce a uniform product, which at the same time appears to be very new and fresh and forward looking. These conflicting requirements are satisfied by means of a receipt which allows a wide variety of form, while maintaining an absolutely uniform look. Each of its standard ingredients, the glass wall for example, must always be present. It matters not whether the glass faces the street, or the west, as long as it is there. It is a symbol, not a utility. Thus modern in Louisiana and modern in Vermont are indistinguishable—a degree of standardization which even the immensely popular Greek Revival managed to avoid, for the best technical reasons.

The technocratic style so well fulfills the status and prestige functions demanded of our buildings that it will surely be with us for a long time. It could not, with any suddenness, be abandoned in favor of the classic, dulcet, but difficult art of architecture. For it is not architecture. It is a carrying over into building of industrial design—of the same techniques and goals which produce breakfast food cartons, automobiles, kitchen appliances and radios. It is packaging. The acceptance of packaging is so total that one wonders whether that old "art or science of building for urban use" can survive at all. How long will the remaining architects be able to sell their wares? On the evidence of the East Coast alone, their days are numbered. The technocratic sweep is virtually complete. The West Coast has not only not yet succumbed—it appears to be a stronghold for die-hards. The Ford Foundation Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto, for example, is as humane as Illinois Tech is mechanistic. The geographic distance separating the two groups of buildings seems minute in comparison to their differences of feeling.

The susceptibility of the East to technocratic doctrine would seem to be due, in some part, to its European orientation. The first examples of the style were in German, French and Dutch Functionalism. Its most famous professional exponent is Le Corbusier. The great European architects who settled in the East just before World War II were not only technocratic in approach, they were well organized, highly publicized and well connected. Their modernism, which having suffered a sea change



"The practical utility of the technocratic approach is in its publicity value. . . ."

became our package style, captured the imagination of the architectural and dream-house press. The architects themselves captured the principal Eastern architectural schools. The movement was not only physically located on the East Coast. It could only, in its early stages, have found sustenance in the peculiar, in-the-know, intellectual, and architecturally devitalized climate of the East. The West Coast was protected by distance and by the fact that it had already germinated a distinct new style of its own. Just as, 50 years ago, Chicago was the locus of our most dynamic architecture, so the San Francisco Bay region is in our day.

While Technocracy has swept the East, the historic balance between real and pseudo architecture is not thereby altered. The switch to packaging is not a switch from architecture to non-architecture. It is a switch from the non-architecture which was the nostalgic romanticism of the 1920s to the non-architecture which will be known, perhaps, as the futuristic romanticism of the 1950s. Nothing has been lost that was not lost long, long ago. And, as the strengths and weaknesses of nostalgia influenced our great contemporary architects—Sullivan, Wright, Wurster, Harriss—so the strengths and weaknesses of futurism will surely affect the next group of architects able to face the present.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Pattern of Ford Madox Ford

by Frank MacShane

Most literate people know that Ford Madox Ford wrote *The Good Soldier* and *Parade's End*, but few of them would be able to name many of the thirty other novels he wrote alone or in collaboration with Joseph Conrad. It might then appear that Ford was an accidental genius, producing two masterpieces in the midst of an enormous amount of hack work, but the facts seem to contradict this assumption. Ford's other works of fiction illustrate how the ideas of his early work grew and matured and how he evolved a pattern and a code that was to receive its most satisfactory treatment in the Tietjens tetralogy.

Leaving aside his historical fiction which, admirable as much of it is, is less pertinent to Ford's major work than his novels of contemporary life, we find a distinct pattern of behavior and definite ethical canons early established. Ford's hero's are altruists—living by a strict morality that is literally based upon Christian teachings. By pursuing this romantic ideal, they invariably end their careers either in disaster, their spirit broken by the materialistic temper of the modern age, or by retiring for solace into the depths of the country.

Doubtless the development of this theme was influenced by Ford's own lack of sympathy with his surroundings and times. Because he was the grandson of Ford Madox Brown and the nephew of Christina Rossetti, he grew up in the age of "Great Figures" like Ruskin ("that most preposterous of all portentous humbugs," Ford once called him), Gabriel Rossetti, Swinburne and Tennyson. Inadvertently, these people made Ford's intellectual development miserable. The dominance over English letters of the Victorian code of morality made him turn to new ideals. That was his first revolt, and he established himself in opposition by his collaboration with Conrad and through his strenuous upholding of the French writers, Stendhal, Flaubert, Maupassant, and their Anglo-American descendant, Henry James.

These early actions simply annoyed people and as the collaborated work received no great fame, he carried on his campaign against provincial and pedantic literary standards by establishing *The English Review*, through whose columns he started a major literary revival in England and promoted the interests of those writers he felt were fresh and alive and, more important, who were careful technicians and artists. His foundation was James, Hudson, Conrad and the early Galsworthy and Wells. Upon these he built up a structure containing such discoveries as Norman Douglas, Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis and D. H. Lawrence. But official literary London hated Ford and his review, and when ill-luck and commercial chicanery overcame him and he lost his paper, once again the foetid powers of traditionalism triumphed over him and his utterly altruistic championship of the young and worthy.

Such bitter experiences were bound to be reflected in his own work in which he applied the information gained from his own literary sphere to his rendering of social, commercial and political life. But his fiction was not simply a matter of reportage, for in his first collaboration with Conrad, *The Inheritors*, he had demonstrated his insight and understanding in his consideration of the ruthless triumph of the new spirit of corruption and bribery, as a result of which, all virtues are discredited and decency is routed.

In later novels he elaborated upon this theme, and in *Mr. Apollo*, *The Benefactor* and *The Panel* are to be found heroes who obey a code of behavior much stricter than that let pass by materialistic society and who therefore inevitably face defeat at the hands of that society. *Mr. Apollo*, for example, demonstrates how ill-received can be divine favor. People are unused to it, cannot understand unsolicited aid and therefore turn against the person proffering it. In *The Benefactor*, the altruistic hero, George Moffat, who is motivated purely by desiring to apply Christian principles to modern society, so enrages those who receive his aid that they turn against him. Furthermore, his help to them—because they cannot understand its motives—helps ruin a number of marital and commercial undertakings. The other side of the penny is shown in *Mr. Fleight*, which illustrates the proper road to worldly success: through bribery and cheating and deception Mr. Fleight, an unknown but wealthy Jew, is able to buy himself into a position of enormous power in Great Britain. Christian virtues must be flouted for success in the modern world.

Many of these novels of Ford's are too fantastic in scheme to be successful or really convincing: Don Kelleg in *An English Girl* is too rich and powerful, the comic-opera aspects of *The New Humpty-Dumpty* are too ridiculous. Yet upon reflection their themes ring true. Conrad once mentioned to Ford that this was one of his troubles—that the impact of his novels depended upon a certain amount of deliberation: they were not, that is to say, immediate enough.

There is, of course, a direct connection between these Fordian themes and his own life, which is perhaps best seen in his quasi-fictional *No Enemy* and in an unpublished novel called *That Same Poor Man*. The first is essentially a rhapsody addressed to the English countryside by way of a description of Ford's own war experiences and by comparison with the author's observations on the state of Letters in Great Britain after the first World War. He finds England of the country pure and delightful, but in London and particularly in its literary circles, the old guard, hostile, pedantic and academic, represent a living death. In *That Same Poor Man* Ford wrote violent and very amusing attacks upon these stupid and pompous figures, but more important to his own code as a novelist is his portrait of Croyd, the writer who has served in the war as a sergeant and who returns to devote his energies and money to the promotion of lively letters in England. Like Moffat, the benefactor, Croyd is eventually turned against, as he had realised would happen, and in a rather fantastic conclusion to the novel, leaves the country.

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Again, the story of this novel is a close parallel to Ford's own life. Ford himself after the war deserted Literary London and went to live in almost complete retirement in Sussex. There he stayed for some years, but essentially at variance with English literary life, in 1923, he, like Croyd, left for the more congenial shores of France, rarely for the rest of his life to return.

It would, of course, be quite wrong to say that Ford's fiction was entirely autobiographical or to maintain that certain characters are portraits of people Ford actually knew. All artists need material, and naturally they use their experiences. A particular individual may suggest a character, but as that character more often than not turns out quite different from its model, that is about as far as a parallel can be drawn.

The patterns established in these early novels are more clearly defined and more satisfactorily projected in *Parade's End*. A reader who comes to that tetralogy without some prior knowledge of his other books might think Ford's hero, Christopher Tietjens, too fantastic. More complex than George Moffat or Croyd, Tietjens often bases his actions on grounds similar to theirs. The pattern still holds: Tietjens operates on a code apparently out-moded in modern society. Like Mr. Apollo, Christopher is a god-like creature. (Both bear divine names.) His chivalric behavior, his complete honesty, his willingness always to turn the other cheek—all these qualities so enrage his fellows that he meets disaster.

The picture of life that is presented is much the same in all these novels: If you follow exactly the teachings of Christ you must perish (as did Jesus) in a world run on the principles of dog-eat-dog. And if this selfish world carries on as it is accustomed to, there will be more and more chaos and eventually, one final Armageddon.

That, then, is the Fordian code. It is clearly not a cheerful one. What hope Ford held out may be inferred from his later novels, *The Rash Act* and *Henry for Hugh*. In these books the English "good man" (similar to his other heroes), H.M.A. Smith, meets his American counterpart, also called H.M.A. Smith. Driven by despair at the hopelessness of his beliefs taking hold in England, he commits suicide, and the American Smith in effect takes his place. In England, Ford felt, what he was preaching and in what he believed had absolutely no chance of success. Only in America, where Ford himself had spent a number of years, was there any chance of not letting the torch go out.

Ford's novels, following his impressionist's canons, never contain moralistic comment. They simply are renderings of life as Ford saw it. Elsewhere—particularly in *Great Trade Route*, *Provence* and in his long poem, "On Heaven"—he stated the truths that his novels only suggested. Embodied here are Ford's answers to his grim portrayal of life in his fiction—his belief in the small producer, the whole man, the simple life of a Provençal farmer, international free trade, a society based upon chivalric feudal principles and a strenuous cultivation of pure thought and the arts. That way and that way only, according to Ford, madness does *not* lie.

They Liked Ike

by Bruce Bliven

THE United States is now subjected to far more sociological research than any other part of the world, and probably more than all the rest of the world put together. Few people not directly interested have any notion how far the sampling of public opinion —now a big industry—has been carried in this country. The researchers know what questions to ask in order to get truthful answers, and how to cross-check answers given early in an interview by means of others, seemingly quite different, that are asked some time later. They also know how large a sample is needed for a true representation of a population (and it is surprisingly small). Many people lost interest in opinion polls when these failed to prophesy correctly Truman's victory over Dewey in 1948; but in fact there is good reason to believe that the polls were right, as of a couple of weeks before the election. In any case, they have been proved accurate—and an enormously useful tool—in many areas other than political forecasting.

The Western Public: 1952 and Beyond, by Alfred de Grazia (Stanford; $3).

Among the most interesting aspects of public-opinion sampling is what is done with the interviews after they have been collected. The facts they contain are put on punched cards, which are then run through automatic sorting machines, so that an amazing variety of information can be drawn off. The social sciences have always had an inferiority complex *vis-à-vis* the physical sciences, which have such a solid mathematical underpinning; they are rapidly overcoming this by refinements of analysis which are recorded in elaborate graphs and diagrams, and in accumulations of statistical data some of which are about up to the level where the electronic computer is useful.

One subject that has been researched within an inch of its life is the Eisenhower-Stevenson election of 1952. The power house for this has been the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan, a leader in opinion sampling. Thousands of people all over the country were asked an elaborate series of questions before and after the election, and the data were collated as described above. Dr. de Grazia's book, describing attitudes toward the election in the 11 Far Western states, is one of the first fruits of this study. In general, it contains little that commonsense would not tell you was true; but this is no argument against this type of activity, since commonsense can be wrong, and it is good to have scientific reassurance.

A majority of the people of these 11 Western states voted for Eisenhower, not for the Republican Party; his vote ranged from 56.4 percent in California up to 65.4 percent in Idaho, and outran the party vote everywhere. People chose him on the simple ground that they liked him, though they also voted against the Truman Administration. Aside from Ike's personality, the three big issues were lack of confidence in the Democratic Administration, Korea, and economic problems—labor relations, prosperity and taxes. On the other hand, long-time factors were even more im-

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portant than Ike's popularity. Twenty-eight percent of those who voted for either party did so merely as permanent members of that party, and another 10 percent said practically the same thing, that the party of their choice best served the interests of their group. Three-quarters of all voters inherited their party affiliation from their parents, and 90 percent of all the people in any family voted the same way.

Those affected by outside influences named television as the most important (although only half of all families had television receivers in 1952). Then came radio, newspapers and magazines in that order. However, two-thirds of all voters had made their choices before campaign began. In fact, voting is so nearly automatic that a cynic might ask why we have election campaigns at all. The answer is that even a small percentage of the total vote may be influenced and may pile up a tremendous victory in the Electoral College; in the West, there were 21 regions where victory was obtained by less than 5 percent.

Dr. de Grazia points out that in the West as elsewhere, the rich incline to be Republicans; of those with $10,000 or more per year only 21 percent are Democrats, and only 12 percent are consistently loyal to that party. College graduates also tend to be Republicans, which may result merely from the fact that the well-to-do are more likely to go to college. Many people will be surprised to learn that the Far West is not predominantly rural; 61 percent of its people are urban but, says Dr. de Grazia, access to the countryside is so easy and the people are so mobile that the West is really "an urban society in a rural setting." The Democrats, in normal times, have a majority of the total population, but they are likely to lose to the Republicans almost any time, because of their inferior organization.

Dr. de Grazia, who teaches political science at Stanford University, writes well, avoids sociological jargon, and handles his statistics so as to be understood by the general public. His book should be of great value to those politically active in the Far West—or anywhere else—in either party, who want light on that most fascinating of riddles: How to win next time.

A Tyrant's Little World

by Louis O. Coxe

OF this, as of the previous thirteen novels by Miss Compton-Burnett, one can easily say that if you like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing you will like. Obviously those who find no temperamental affinities with Miss Compton-Burnett's sensibility would be better advised to stay with writers of the neo-realistic and romantic schools, for

Mother and Son, by Ivy Compton-Burnett (Messner; $3.50).

Mother And Son shows no new departure, no experimentation, on the part of the author, and surely readers who know any of the other novels would hardly expect, let alone welcome, such change.

I must confess I have cheated a little: I have gone into a few of the earlier novels and I have read some of the reviews of them, possibly to have my mind made up for me, possibly also to see how prepared I might be to disagree, and with whom. One hates to be caught short in the latter regard. And I find that many people think very highly of Miss Compton-Burnett's work; one critic calls it "great."

I could say this latest novel is like the others in that it is composed almost entirely of dialogue, has many scenes, mostly interiors, concerns itself with the England (rural) of the turn of the century, and so on. Certainly the author is able to exploit an obsolete social organization in several ways, can show us family in all its complexity and tyranny. The households of the novel are usually large; there seem to be endless complications of relationship, legitimate and other, between the members and among the domestic staffs. Miss Compton-Burnett explores these relationships and the gradations of power and servitude, of dependence and independence, in a style that might remind some readers of Henry James, others of Peacock or Susan Ferrier or Jane Austen. In any case, the author has certain ties to the eighteenth century and perhaps to some of the better writers of Restoration Comedy. Her language is of no period as her people are really of no race, age or time. This would suggest, I suppose, that *Mother and Son* is a novel of sensibility.

Yet this is not so. There are in this book none of the sensitive perceptions, the explorations of childhood, that one associates with modern novels dealing with the sensitive soul. Miss Compton-Burnett's children, for example, are as vicious as their parents, or at least as vicious as they know how to be—and with Miss Compton-Burnett they know more than, thank God, they do in real life. The malice, the wit and the submerged violence mark this writer's work as set apart from that of the imitators of Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* or of James' *What Maisie Knew.* Her true contemporary and fellow-explorer is E. M. Forster—not the Forster of *A Passage To India* but the rather different Forster of *The Longest Journey* and *Howards End.* Curiously, both writers for all their insistence on sensitivity and on cultivating sympathy, on reaching out to others while understanding the self, show a reliance on cruelty, on an almost gratuitous violence, that is highly suggestive.

Mother and Son relies for its plot on motives of adultery and revenge, always in a low key but fundamental to the plot and theme of the book. The main character, Miranda Hume, dies of a heart attack about half way along in the novel, but her influence, as the special tyrant of this little world, persists until and through the end. Everyone—her son, her husband's bastard children, her servants and acquaintances—must and do take her into account, living and dead. The violence implicit in such a situation never really breaks out; this is apparently not Miss Compton-Burnett's intention, and to that extent one can observe that for all her insistence on scene and dialogue she could never make a playwright.

What finally, for me, makes the novel pointless is the very restriction of the intention. One does not insist that all literature be great, that we all join Great Books clubs, but one wants occasionally to hear the human voice speaking, the human spirit calling out in pain, anger, joy or despair. Miss Compton-Burnett gives us wit, or what in this novel passes for it—and malice.

I found a genuinely witty remark on

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page thirty-six and a bad joke on page nine. The rest is aphorism, or perhaps what is called gnomic utterance. For the most part, the characters cannot leave it alone; they do so enjoy their own cleverness without the least realization that it may simply bore us after a while. And then, though so much of the clever comment is about Life, it seems to be about a life derived largely from books and those not necessarily the wisest. When one of the characters observes, after a long interchange that "we seem to talk of nothing but cats," I agree; the matters discussed or rather talked around could have relevance but do not, and there are two most objectionable cats, the more omnipresent named Plautus, who require literally pages of conversation. I realize that the people are "really" talking about themselves and one another when they engage in this obliquity, but either what they thereby reveal is dramatic and interesting, or cats are. I confess that Miss Compton-Burnett did not make me see it either way.

If the adjective "arch" suits the names of the cats it can well fit the novel as a whole. There is an unflagging archness, a circumlocutory spinsterish whimsy that might in the earlier books have deserved the epithets malicious or ironic, yet this connotes a toughness of phrase and attitude that has gone soft in this novel. The violent center of action is like an extinct volcano without threat or interest. What remains is an isolated scene or two and an occasional amusing comment, and perhaps the prematurely killed character Miranda; after her death, the book has no real focus and no character retains and enhances individuality or freshness. Some of the element of caricature to be found in *The Present And The Past* is here completely absent, and similarly Miss Compton-Burnett has here created no significant action, no situation by means of which character may reveal itself and action create conflict.

Yet at times one can delight in the language and its cutting edge:

> " . . . There are many kinds of usefulness." "Too many," said Julius. "It results in a workaday world . . . "

How pleasant this sort of thing is, after all the cant on the subject! Style and malicious epigram do occasionally come through and redeem much that is tedious, yet one wishes they could simply do it more efficiently and in vastly less space, omitting, for example the really worthless stage directions such as, "Rosebery went into mirth" (a favorite locution of the author) or "said Adela, suggesting her relation to the rest of mankind." These are neither witty in themselves nor evocative of the physical world to which the speakers belong. They suggest that the author composes by scenes, a fine technique, yet the very failure of the scenes to sustain high comedy, further action and reveal character and motive indicates the extent of failure. Yet one must not lose sight of the achievement in the earlier novels, nor do I here wish to imply that the kind of novel Miss Compton-Burnett writes is worthless. We get far too little good conversation and artistic malice in life or art, and we can be sure that another venture and a richer action will see Miss Compton-Burnett back at the top of her elegant form.

Resistance Inside Russia

by Donald W. Treadgold

EVEN supposing that the Gallup pollsters could gain free access for one day to the Soviet population, they might have great difficulty in measuring the degree of loyalty or disaffection toward the regime. "Do you like the Communists?" might yield many emphatic "nays." "Were you happier under Nicholas II/the Provisional Government/Lenin?" could be answered by only a small proportion. "Do you prefer restoration of the Romanovs/the American system/a new regime to be established on the basis of free elections?" might seem such fantastic questions that little weight ought to be attached to the replies. Our own pollsters, who can happily inquire how a man intends to act in a voting booth without having to determine underlying conscious or unconscious attitudes, have still failed to predict two recent Presidential elections. Fortunately we are not limited to such formal techniques in the endeavor to determine the basic attitudes of people under either free or totalitarian regimes.

Two Studies in Soviet Controls: Communism and the Russian Peasant, by Herbert S. Dinerstein; *Moscow in Crisis,* by Leon Goure and Herbert S. Dinerstein; with a foreword by Philip E. Mosely (Free Press; $4.50).

The intention of these two studies of the Social Science Division of the Rand Corporation is to estimate the loyalty of the Soviet population. The topics chosen have their own interest and importance: the "long struggle in which the party attempts to mold the peasantry to its own demands for total control, while the peasants, even within the narrow limits set by the collective farm system, strive to satisfy their own aspirations," and the question, "how did the government, officials, and population react to the threat of an advancing enemy" when Hitler's armies approached the city of Moscow in the fall of 1941. But what warrants binding them in a single volume is not only, as Professor Mosely writes in the foreword, that they offer "important insights into the problem of control," but that they provide clues to popular loyalty in the past, from which it seems clear that the authors are willing to encourage inferences as to possible future behavior of the Soviet people.

The story of the Communists and the Soviet peasants has been told before and well by Lazar Volin, David Mitrany, Naum Jasny, and others, but both the data obtained from refugee interviews and the material on the last few years to be found in Dinerstein's study justify its claim to attention. It has some weaknesses which are major in terms of the genesis of his subject, minor in terms of his restricted interest. The strength of the Russian commune or *mir* at the time of the Revolution is greatly exaggerated and there is an unwarranted assumption that the same group of peasants who were acquiring influence within the commune via usury and the occasional hiring of labor was the same who benefited from Stolypin's reform and the same who were liquidated by Stalin in the early 30's. Dinerstein does not raise the basic issues of the extent of growth of individualism in Russian agriculture prior to 1930—and therefore

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makes no mention in those terms of its persistence right up to 1955—nor does he examine the problem of whether or not peasant farming may be usefully termed "capitalist." The book is mainly about peasant response to collectivization, the author rightly declaring, "For the peasants, this was the revolution."

One of the major conclusions:

> There are intermittent periods of disillusion and even despair; but in general, since they know of no alternatives, the Soviet people accept the system with equanimity and occasionally even with enthusiasm.

How often we use "in general" to mean "my informed guess is . . ."! The only evidence of "enthusiasm" presented anywhere is the report of a schoolboy who was the son of a "kulak" who died as a result of confinement in a concentration camp. The boy, ostracized by his schoolmates, argued with his mother that the Soviets were right in saying "life was better and happier." This story is said to prove "how even the most miserable members of the peasant community can retain hope in the future"—one would think it showed how a schoolboy was subject to the pressure of his contemporaries.

Most of the book, in any case, contains well-documented evidence that "every year production falls short of these [agricultural] plans"; that it is but "dream literature" which attributes to the peasant "excellent living conditions and a character structure which conforms closely to the ideal of Soviet social engineers."

On the other hand, "we encounter the feeling that the very top leadership is essentially benevolent and that the system holds a great deal of promise." The evidence? Some informants had hopefully written letters to Stalin on the general basis of the Russian proverb that "the Tsar's favors get into the boyars' sieve"—pity the Soviet citizen who nowadays must read the morning's *Pravda* to find out what Tsar to write to; also, many peasants *in wartime* believed hopefully that the whole hated system would be drastically modified. Whatever one may make of that, Dinerstein's final judgment is, in effect, that neither the Communists nor the peasants are likely to yield, and each is likely to inflict continued damage on the other.

Moscow in Crisis, in which Dinerstein is joined by Leon Goure, is a study of a crucial and fascinating episode. The panic occasioned by the Nazi approach to Moscow reached its height on October 16, 1941, and waned four days later, though in fact the Germans were nearer to the city in early December. Since Moscow is probably "more pro-Soviet" than the population at large, events during the three days when it enjoyed "an atmosphere of freedom" are of immense interest. Fleeing officials were attacked and probably sometimes murdered, stores were looted, jobs abandoned, people dressed in their Sunday best to wait the German arrival. If the Nazis had acted boldly, the city might have fallen, but it appears that they "had no idea of what was happening in Moscow." "All the informants described these days in October as having been 'wonderful'," though the people "regretted the *dependence on foreigners for liberation*" (italics ours). Thus, "in a rather irrational" (why irrational?) "way, the population was angered and disappointed by the failure of the Germans to enter the city."

The peasant resistance to Soviet farm policy and the attitude of the Moscow population in 1941 are only part of the story of the verdict the Russian people rendered on the regime during and after World War II. Other chapters were the mass surrender of Soviet soldiers in the summer of 1941, before the revelation of the reality of Nazi barbarity—previously discounted as official propaganda—and Stalin's hasty adoption of the protective coloration of nationalism and the policy of dropping hints of increased freedom. If the authors, by the way, insist that the surrenders did not indicate "widespread defeatism and opposition to the Communist regime," but simply "sheer military pressure," why do they point out that Soviet officials denied heavy losses "without, however, accounting for the over 2 million men that had been taken prisoner"?

In any case "sheer military" factors are usually connected more or less intimately with psychological ones. It is an incontrovertible fact that millions of Soviet displaced persons—many of them not escapees but forced laborers and so forth—voted by acts ranging from sullenness to suicide against the regime.

Dinerstein and Goure are under no illusions that either the peasantry or the Muscovite population did or do like the Soviet regime. They are discouraged that the Muscovites "did not rebel against their rulers. And, on the basis of available evidence, they had no intention of doing so." But the latter is misleading, since all the evidence offered is that they had every intention of welcoming the foreigners who were about to "liberate" them.

THE authors, in their laudable caution in the absence of Gallup data, slightly misconceive the problem. They do not wish to draw unfounded conclusions, as they do not wish to arouse false hopes of possible spontaneous uprisings in the Soviet Union. Yet the facts seem to be that a very great proportion of Soviet people would welcome a considerable alteration in the totalitarian regime under which they live, but that as a mass they are in no position to do anything about it.

The real issue is whether leadership is being or could be found from inside or outside Russia through which the aspirations of the people might find effective outlet. We know there was and is resistance to the collective farms, that there was rejoicing in Moscow at the prospect of the end of Communism. How the Soviet leaders must sneer at continued belief in the outside world that the Soviet "society" possesses unity, over a decade after its fundamental weakness was exposed for all the world to see.

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Notes on the Critics

FRANK MACSHANE is writing a book about Ford Madox Ford. LOUIS O. COXE is a poet and playwright. DONALD W. TREADGOLD is the author of *Lenin and his Rivals.*

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FILMS

LIKE Frank Sinatra playing the part of a killer in *Suddenly* last fall and Humphrey Bogart, last fall also, as the incarnation of bland judicious tact and moderation in *Sabrina,* Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly surrender their established public and publicized identities in the film version of Clifford Odets' *The Country Girl.* Though the stars are still likely to move in their fabulous courses much of the time, there are enough other instances to suggest a genuine counter-

The Country Girl (Paramount).

tendency. And even Marilyn Monroe's desire to play Grushenka in *The Brothers Karamazov,* however much it suggests that Ignazio Silone will soon want to play center field for the Yankees, may really express a wish to move in the same direction. The teaming of three and four stars in the same film clearly requires a like submission to the screen, instead of the domination of the personal magnetism of one star which has been going on since the first custard pie creamed the first surprised face.

Apart from any tendency, when the most famous of crooners for more than a generation gives a genuine and sustained portrayal of fear and trembling and the sickness unto death; and when Grace Kelly sets aside what Alfred Hitchcock called her "sexual elegance" to play with equal conviction his exhausted, exacerbated, frozen-faced wife, something must be happening to Hollywood's feeling about stardom.

George Seaton's scenario and direction of the film introduces a number of important modifications of the stage script, but they are all plausible and sensitive continuations of Odets' intention. The camera, closing in on a face, is for the most part more eloquent than the dialogue, but this is right too, since the direct overt expression of social consciousness which made Odets famous during the depression is no longer explicit, but present nevertheless as a consciousness of American life in relation to the individual's sense of himself: political sympathy for the victims of economic crisis has become a compassion, free of concepts, for the victims of success: the successful are the prey of what the sociologists call "status-panic," and the once successful crooner who has turned into a drunkard because the ordeal of status-panic which goes with success is unbearable.

The camera sets the key immediately with an overhead descending shot of the shabby gloom of a Broadway sidestreet, seedy and rundown as brownstone mansions turned into rooming houses. Then the camera enters the cavern of a Broadway theatre during the casting of a production: the darkened orchestra and bare stage are the visual frame within which the director and the producer quarrel about giving the leading role to the broken down crooner. The director's conviction that his reputation requires a smash hit depends upon the crooner in the leading part is identical with the producers' conviction that he has to have the director to have a successful production.

The quarrel continues to break out as the play moves through rehearsals to a tryout in Boston. The high-powered driving intensity of the director has the same cause as the producer's dyspeptic snarling: they are both scared, one about his reputation, the other about his bankroll. This is success, this is the big time; but to be on top, which used to mean being on Easy Street, has become more and more of a shooting gallery, a peculiar one in which every new venture resembles Russian roulette.

The crooner has known the terrifying insecurity of success; hence when he finds out that he has been trying out for the lead, and not a bit part, as he supposed, he runs away. This is the second "chance of a lifetime" for a "had been" to "make a comeback," but though he has become a cunning drunkard, as his wife says, and has made his wife into a haggard shrew, he does not want to come back to where he has been: he is scared enough as it is.

Thus, at the start, as Crosby waits in the wings to be summoned his face has the shamed, haunted, remorse-ridden look of a man waiting to be sentenced or fired. When he is summoned from the wings, he pulls his face out of the sag of anxiety at the same moment with the same effort as he straightens his coat and braces his shoulders, showing himself in the mask expected of him: smiling and erect, the image of confidence and well-being. This is the first representation of the crime for which he has condemned himself: it is the guilt of feeling as he does instead of having the sense of selfhood which is expected of him.

The attitude is bared to the quick when, as he goes through a routine song and dance for the lead, the producer's unconcealed hostility repeatedly becomes vocal. He hears it, but he can hardly believe it; and he peers across the footlights, stunned, as if for the first time, to discover that he is not the object of everyone's love and admiration at all times.

The sight of his understudy disturbs him in the same way during rehearsals: the tension of the first night of the tryout starts him drinking furtively: when the reviews are unfavorable, he pretends to be wholly untroubled, and goes off to get completely drunk. And when he finally gets drunk enough, at a night club bar, his face lolls, relaxed, in a fat and fatuous grin: everyone loves him, he loves everyone, he looks young again and happy for the first time, and he sings as he once sang: this is the only moment in the entire film when anyone looks pleased about anything.

His beatitude is terminated abruptly by the sight of his face in the mirror above the bar: he has to be bailed out of jail the next morning, and the director, convinced all along that his wife is at fault, insists on sending her back to New York until after the tryout, which is enough to terrify the crooner into facing and admitting the truth about himself, the truth that he has always been scared, more scared when he was successful than when he began to slip. And the certainty which causes his terror, the conviction that his wife will be unfaithful unless she is with him, exposes his essential self-doubt and self-hatred. His wife's love is also a form of status, subject to status panic. He can't be successful unless everyone loves him and roots for him; and he can only be loved because and as long as he is successful: since success requires love, and since love is the reward of success, the vicious circle makes success and love identical and unmeaning. A first night success leads weakly to the most subdued of happy endings; William Dean Howells used to tell Edith Wharton that what the American public wanted was a tragedy with a happy ending: this is a precise description of what the American public is beginning to get. DELMORE SCHWARTZ

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THEATRE

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, by Tennessee Williams (Morosco Theatre).

Jo MIELZINER'S setting consists of a square and sloping platform with one of its corners, not one of its sides, jutting out towards the audience. A corner of a ceiling is above, pointing upstage. On the platform are minimum furnishings for a bed-sitting room. Around the room, steps and space suggest the out of doors. The whole stage is swathed in ever-changing light and shade; at the outset ribbed light and shade projected on the front curtain suggest sunlight filtering through Venetian blinds.

Such is the world of Elia Kazan, as we know it from his work on plays by more authors than one. The general scheme is that not only of *Streetcar* but also of *Salesman*: an exterior that is also an interior—but, more important, a view of *man's* exterior that is also a view of his interior, the habitat of his body and the country of his memories and dreams. A theatre historian would probably call this world a combination of naturalism and expressionism, yet one has no impression that it was arrived at by mixture, or even by choice, of styles: it is a by-product, or perhaps end product, of a certain sort of work which has its own history and identity. It is one of the distinctive creations of American theatre.

It is re-created, for the new production, with a difference. One might say, changing the metaphor, that the objective of Mr. Kazan's campaign was, without abandoning any of the old positions, to advance to new ones, above all to reach and conquer that far outpost of the imagination which we call Grandeur. (If only he had directed *The Master Builder!*) He has departed further from naturalism: just as there is less furniture and less scenery, so there is a less natural handling of actors, a more conscious concern with stagecraft, with pattern, with form. Attention is constantly called to the tableau, to what, in movies, is called the individual "frame." You feel that Burl Ives has been *placed* center stage, not merely that he *is* there; in the absence of furniture, a man's body is furnishing the room. When the man lifts his crippled son off the floor, the position is held a long moment as for a time-exposure. My wife nudges me at this point, and whispers, "Why, it's a Michaelangelo." I suspect she has Burl Ives curiously confused with the Virgin Mary, but I appreciate the fact that she was called upon to whisper *something*.

All the groupings are formalized. My review should probably be accompanied by diagrams showing where Mr. Kazan put everybody, by twos, by threes, this one over here moon-gazing through the imaginary window, this one over there ego-gazing at the imaginary mirror, all fixed to the spot until the director's signal is given to move. ("*You* roll into a ball," said one of the great Russian directors to a recalcitrant actor, "*I* throw you.") When Mr. Ives has a funny story to tell, Mr. Kazan lines up the other actors in a row to listen to him. When Mr. Ives wishes to be more intimate, an actress steps to the left and makes a space for him in the row, as if the performance were a dance or a military drill. The lights are handled with equal formality. A follow-spot from the back of the balcony chases the actors around, picking out the center of the action for a kind of emphasis resembling a movie close-up; one is often reminded that this director is also a movie director.

Another aspect of Mr. Kazan's formality is the repeating of features of former shows—as if he is trying to establish symbols or at least fixed patterns. He did remarkable things with the Requiem that closes *Death of a Salesman*. I have the impression he tries to repeat them in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and I was rather disturbed by the identical use of Mildred Dunnock's plaintive vein as a final "shattering" effect. Another recurrence, partly effective, partly just disturbing, is that of the final scene from *Tea and Sympathy*. The play, in each case, is all but over; it only remains to say that the man and woman do make love. For this statement Mr. Kazan pulls out all his stops, or rather all those that are tender and tremulous. Well, the soft music would be all right if he didn't also, as it were, set them to the words of a hymn; it is not the lyricism but the moralism of these endings that seems to me unconvincing. Doubtless it is but the traditional moralism of melodrama—the idea of Virtue Triumphant. What I find unacceptable is the justification of this idea as provided in the two plays concerned. But this is to anticipate. I shall try to deal with the script in my next piece. Here I wish only to indicate that all of Mr. Kazan, what we admire more, what we admire less, is in the show.

And with the means of the new American theatre (school of Lee Strasberg and Harold Clurman) it does reach the cherished end of the older theatre (true grandeur of performance) at a time when the older theatre itself (school of Guthrie McClintick, shall we say) is failing to do so. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is grander theatre than *The Dark Is Light Enough*, or even than the Anderson *Medea*, or even than any American Shakespeare production that I remember.

I do not think the reason for this resides in the formality itself. The effectiveness of this grandeur results, in my opinion, from the interaction between formality in the setting, lighting, and grouping and an opposite quality—informality is hardly the word—in the individual performances. The externals of the physical production belong, as it were, to the old theatre, but the acting is internal, "Stanislavskyite." Within the formal setting, from the fixed positions in which they are made to stand, the actors live their roles with that vigilant, concentrated, uninterrupted nervous intensity which Mr. Kazan always manages to give. I say he gives it to them, since clearly they do not find it unaided. Directed by Jed Harris, Madeline Sherwood seemed cut off from her own emotions. Directed by Mr. Kazan she is able to find and release feelings which surely were far less readily accessible. Another kind of directorial triumph is represented by Burl Ives' performance. Mr. Ives is not first and foremost an actor. If he comes across as such in the new play, a lot of the credit must go to the director who so skillfully exploits and guides his personality and physique. Yet another distinction of Mr. Kazan's shows is the work done in the small roles. There is a part in *Cat* with almost no lines at all, but what Mr. Kazan is able to do with a bald head, a rumpled suit, and pants that sit rather low on the hips, might almost, were the word not so inflammatory, be called co-authorship.

ERIC BENTLEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

► H-Bombs and Defense

SIRS:

There are a couple of things about the article by Dr. Ralph Lapp on radioactive fall-out (*NR*, February 14) which I think should be pointed out to your readers.

First of all, it should be made clear that your illustrations, except for the picture of the fisherman, were obsolete. They were 1952 pictures (as you correctly noted), and were therefore one Quantum Jump behind Dr. Lapp's article.

Further, Dr. Lapp bases his article on the explosion of a hypothetical bomb "of the same general type as that detonated in the Castle Series in March-April of last year," and makes the further assumption that "the pertinent energy release is 8 megatons." One of his calculations, which he calls "conservative," is that fallout material will cover about 8,000 square miles.

Atomic Energy Commission data on the actual 1954 explosions gives a comparable area of 7,000 square miles. However, Val Peterson, Federal Civil Defense Administrator, told the American Association for the Advancement of Science in December of 1954 that the "last exploded hydrogen bomb"—which would be the one in the Pacific in 1954—had an energy release of 15 megatons.

Dr. Lapp givse 8 megatons as a hypothesis and comes up with 8,000 square miles. The AEC and Peterson give 15 megatons—almost twice the strength—and come up with a smaller area. Somebody, it seems, is wrong. . . .

Granting that a drastic revisal of our civil defense concepts is in order, wouldn't we simply be compounding the confusion if we constructed a new, elaborate defense on the basis of an 8- or 15-megaton bomb, only to be confronted with a 30- or 60-megaton bomb? Granted, too, that it's better to save a few people than no people, is there any theoretical limit that will give us a defense in which we can put a reasonable hope at all?

GENE MARINE

San Francisco, California

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SIRS:

Dr. Lapp says sweeping down a roof is the most urgent task in decontamination of fall-out. Many roofs are too steep and inaccessible for this to be accomplished quickly or with safety. I would like to suggest a preventative measure consisting of the application of two coats of aluminum paint to a smooth roof and lawn sprinklers to cover the roof area or a hose to wash the roof down. Englishmen carrying umbrellas don't present a laughable picture anymore.

C. W. ALEXANDER

Chicago, Illinois

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SIRS:

On your cover for February 7 we read: "The new dimension in atomic killing power requires thorough overhaul of civil defense."

I say, rather, that it requires thorough overhaul of national morality. But I suppose that little can be hoped for from a people who, on the whole, had no remorse for the killing at Hamburg and Tokyo; little except the naming of God on postage stamps and in the pledge of allegiance.

EDWARD S. ALLEN

Ames, Iowa

• • •

SIRS:

Of course, the whole nation has had a split personality with respect to civil defense. We have been going along as if the atom bomb and the H-bomb never existed. We have been building up our urban areas to a high degree of vulnerability: more and more people and ever-increasing value have been put into these areas. The federal government, itself, has had a divided attitude on this subject: through FHA, the Public Housing Administration, etc., it has continued to build up the cities instead of dispersing them.

Even critical war industry has had a habit of mushrooming plants in the very areas which are most vulnerable. I do not believe that, at this moment, the American people are convinced of the necessity of making the effort which will be required to reduce their vulnerability. Life is too pleasant for many people: they have their fine homes and their automobiles, and their large incomes, and they will not make any "bothersome" adjustments. At the same time, these people, who conceive of themselves as relatively secure, too often encourage those spokesmen who call for that type of hasty and all-out showdown which could possibly lead to war.

A new pattern is required for national security. We must have less tough talk abroad. We must have more real action at home, if we are to reduce our vulnerability and save our people and industries.

FRANK P. ZEIDLER, *Mayor*

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

► The Federal Pay Raise

SIRS:

TRB usually seems to me fairly objective and very lucid. However, from one line in March 14 issue where he correctly states "Congress gave itself a 50 percent salary increase and is now almost driven to raise federal pay generally," he makes a terrific jump in logic "which in turn kicks off the big multi-billion 1955 wage round for industry as a whole." If TRB will check into the actual situation he will find that federal employees are four years back on rounds of increases, during which several crafts and industries received annual increases nearly equal to the ultimate 10 percent which federal and postal employees hope to receive.

LOWERY E. HUEY

Portland, Oregon

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